The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—Cicero.

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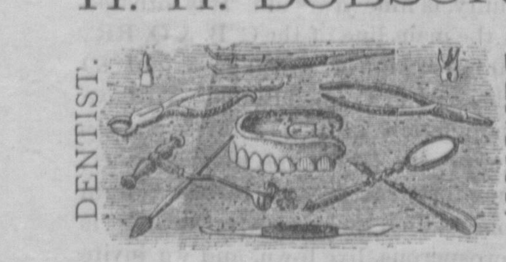

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POETRY.

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE."

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Early to bed and early to rise,"
Aye! note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.

Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day forever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow,
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power;
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to time,
Yet alas! too often break them,
We mock at the wings of the king of kings,
And think we can overtake them.

But they loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower.
Is it not safer to make life's hay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself e'er shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.

If we love the purest pearl of the dew
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirit would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

STORY TELLER.

LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

It was during the very brightest days of the Republic of Venice, when her power was in its prime, together with the arts that have made her, like every Italian State, celebrated all over the world—for Italy has produced in poetry and painting and in the humbler walks of musical compositions the greatest of the world's marvels—that Paolo Zuttana was charged by the Marquis di Bembo to paint several pictures to adorn his gallery. Paolo had come from Rome at the request of the Marquis, who had received a very favorable account of the young artist—he was but thirty. Paolo was handsome, of middle height, dark and pale; he had deep black eyes, a small mouth, a finely traced mustache, a short curling beard and a forehead of remarkably intellectuality. There was a slight savageness in his manner, a brief, sharp way of speaking, a restlessness in his eye, which did not increase the number of his friends. But when men knew him better and were admitted to his intimacy—a very rare occurrence—they loved him.

Then, he was generous-hearted and noble; his time, his purse, his advice were all at his service. But his whole soul was in his art. Night and day, day and night, he seemed to think of nothing but his painting. In Rome he had been looked upon as mad, for in the day he was not content with remaining close at work in his master's studio, but at night he invariably shut himself up in an old half-ruined house in the outskirts, where none of his friends were ever invited, and where no man ever penetrated and no woman, save an old nurse who had known him from a child. It was believed with considerable plausibility, that the artist had a picture in hand and that he passed his nights even in study. He rarely left this retreat before midday, and generally returned to his hermitage early, after a casual visit to his lodging, though he could not occasionally refuse being present at large parties given by his patron.

On arriving in Venice he resumed his former mode of life. He had an apartment at the Palace Bembo. He took his meals there, but at nightfall, when there was no grand reception, he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on his mask, and, drawing his sword-hilt close to his hand, went forth. He took a gondola until he reached a certain narrow street, and then, gliding down that, he disappeared in the gloom caused by the lofty houses. No one noticed much this mode of life. He was polite, affable and respectful to his patron. He was gallant with the ladies, no more. He did not make the slightest effort to win the affections of those around him. Now, this passed in general without much observation.

Still, there was one person whom this wildness and eccentricity of character—all that has a stamp of originality is called eccentric—caused to feel deep interest in him. The Marquis had a daughter, who at sixteen had been married, from interested motives, to the old uncle of the Doge, now dead. Clorinda was a beautiful widow at one-and-twenty, who, rich, independent, of a determined and thoughtful character, had made up her mind to marry a second time, not to please relations, but herself. From the first she noticed Paolo favorably; he received her friendly advances respectfully but coldly, and rarely stopped his work to converse. She asked for lessons to improve her slight knowledge of painting. He gave them freely, but without ever adding a single word to the necessary observations of the interview. He seemed absorbed in his art. One day Clorinda stood behind him. She had been watching him with patient attention for an hour. She now came and took up her quarters in the gallery all day, with her attendant girl, reading or painting. Paolo had not spoken one word during that hour. Suddenly Clorinda rose and uttered the exclamation. "How beautiful!"

"Is it not, signora?"

"Most beautiful," she returned, astonished both at the artist's manner and the enthusiasm with which he alluded to his own creation.

"I am honored by your approval," said Poolo, laying down his pallette and folding his arms to gaze at the picture—a cupid and Psyche—with actual rapture.

It was the face of the woman—the girl, timidly impassioned and tender, filling the air around with beauty—that had struck Clorinda. With golden hair that waved and shone in the sun, with a white, small, exquisitely shaped forehead, with deep-blue eyes fixed with admiring love on the tormenting god, with cheeks on which lay so softly the bloom of health that it seemed ready to fade before the breath from the painting, with a mouth and chin moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, she thought she had never seen anything so divine.

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh, "you painters are dreadful enemies of woman. Who would look at reality after gazing on this beautiful ideal?"

"It *is* reality," replied the painter, "I paint from memory."

"Impossible! You must have combined the beauty of fifty girls in that exquisite creation."

"No," said the artist gravely, "that face exists. I saw it in the mountains of Sicily. I have often painted it before, but never so successfully."

"I would give the world to gaze on the original," replied Clorinda. "I adore a beautiful woman. It is God's greatest work of art."

"It is, signora," said Paolo, and he turned away to his work.

Women born in the climate of Italy under her deep blue sky, and in that air that breathes of poetry, painting, music and love, are not guided by the same impulses and feelings as in our colder and practical North. Clorinda did not wait for Paolo's admiration; she loved him, and every day added to her passion. His undoubted genius, his intellectual brow, his noble features and mien had awakened her long pent-up and sleeping affections. She was herself a woman of superior mind and had revelled in the delights of Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto and Boccaccio. Now she felt—how deeply, she alone knew. But Zustana remained obstinately insensible to all her charms, to her friendship and her condescending tone, as well as to her intellect and beauty. He saw all, save her love, and admired and respected her much. But there was—at all events, at present—no germ of rising affection in his heart.

It was not long before she began to remark his early departure from the palace, his mysterious way of going, and the fact that he never returned until the next day at early dawn, which always now saw him at his labors. The idea at once flashed across her mind that he had found in Venice some person on whom to lavish the riches of his affection, and that he went every evening to plead his passion at her feet. Jealousy took possession of her. She spent a whole night in reflection; she turned over in her mind every supposition; and she rose feverish and ill. That day, pleading illness, she remained in her room shut up with her books.

About an hour after dark Paolo, his hat drawn over his eyes, his cloak wrapped round him and his mask on, stepped into a gondola which awaited him and started. Another boat lay on the opposite side of the canal, with curtains closely drawn. Scarcely had the artist's gondola been set in motion than it followed Paolo, who had never since his arrival in Venice been watched or followed, paid no attention to it. The two gondolas then moved side by side without remark, and that of Zustana stopped as usual, and allowed the artist to land, and continued on its way. A man, wrapped in a cloak, masked, and with a hat and plumes, leaped out also from the other gondola and, creeping close against the wall, followed him. The stranger seemed, by his gazing at the dirty walls and low shops—chiefly old clothes, rags shops and warehouses devoted to small trades—very much surprised, but for fear of losing the track of the other, followed closely. Suddenly Zustana disappeared, the other moved rapidly forward in time to observe that he had entered a dark alley and was ascending with heavy step a gloomy and winding staircase. The stranger followed cautiously, stepping in time with Paolo and feeling his way with his hands. Zustana only halted when he reached the summit of the house. He then placed a key in a door—a blaze of light was seen, and he disappeared, locking the door behind him. The man stood irresolute, but only for a moment. The house was built round a square court, like a well: there was a terraced roof. Gliding noiselessly on, the stranger was in the open air; moving along like a midnight thief, he gained a position whence the windows of the room entered by Zustana were distinctly visible.

A groan, a sigh from the stranger, who sank behind a kind of pillar, revealed the Countess. The groan, the sigh, were occasioned by the astounding discovery she now made.

The room into which she was looking was brilliantly lighted up and beautifully furnished, while beyond—for Clorinda could see as plainly as if she had been in it—was a small bedroom, and near the bed sat an old woman who was preparing to bring in a child to Zustana. Just withdrawing herself from the embrace of Zustana was a beautiful young girl, simply and elegantly dressed—the original of the Psyche which she had so much admired. Now she understood all; that look which she had thought the consciousness of his own beautiful creation was for the beloved original.

The child, a beautiful boy nearly a year old, was brought to Zustana to kiss. Now all his savageness was gone; now he stood no longer the artist, the creator, the genins of art, but the man. He smiled, he patted the babe upon the cheek, he let it clutch his fingers with its little hands, he laughed outright a rich, happy, merry, ordinary laugh; and then, turning to the enraptured mother, embraced her once more and drew her to a table near the open window.

"What progress to day?" asked the painter gayly.

"See," replied the young mother, handing him a copy-book, and speaking in the somewhat harsh dialect of a Sicilian peasant girl, "I think, at last, I can write a page pretty well."

"Excellent," continued the painter, smiling, "My Eleanora is a perfect little fairy. A prettier handwriting you will not see. I need give no more lessons."

"But the reading," said the young girl, speaking like a timid scholar, "I shall never please you there."

"You always please me," exclaimed Zustana; "but you must get rid of your accent."

"I will try," said Eleanora, earnestly, and taking up a book she began to read, with much of the imperfection of a young school-girl, but so eagerly, so prettily, with such an evident desire to please, that as she concluded her lesson, the artist clasped her warmly to his bosom, and cried with love in his eyes and in his tone, "My wife, how I adore you!"

One summer morning a young man, with a knapsack on his back, a pair of pistols in his belt, a staff to assist him in climbing the hills and mountains and in crossing the torrents, was standing on the brow of a hill overlooking a small but beautiful plain. It was half meadow, half pasture land; here, trees; there, a winding stream, little hillocks, green and grassy plots; beyond, a lofty mountain, on which hung a sombre-tinted pine forest, the whole illuminated by the joyous sun of Sicily, which flooded all nature and spread as it were a violet and metalic veil over her. After gazing nearly half an hour at the delicious landscape the young man moved slowly down a winding path that led to the river side. Suddenly he heard the tinkling of sheep-bells, the barking of dogs, and looked around to discover whence the sound came. In a small corner of pasture-land, at no great distance from the stream, he saw the flock, and seated beneath the shadow of a huge tree a young girl.

He advanced at once toward her, not being sure of his way.

She was a young girl of sixteen, the same delicate and exquisite creation which had so struck Clorinda on the canvas and in the garret of Venice. The eye of the artist was delighted, the heart of the man was filled with emotion. He spoke to her. She answered timidly but sweetly. He forgot his intended question; he alluded to the beautiful country, to the delight of dwelling in such a land, to the pleasures of her calm and placid existence; he asked if he could obtain a room in that neighborhood in which to reside while he took a series of sketches. The girl listened with attention and interest for nearly half an hour, during which time he was using his pencil. She then replied that her father would gladly offer him a shelter in their small house, if he could be satisfied with very humble lodging and very humble fare. The young man accepted with many thanks, and then showed her his sketch-book.

"Holy Virgin!" she cried, as she recognized herself.

"You are pleased," said the artist, smiling.

"Oh! it's beautiful; how can you do that with a pencil? Come quick, and show it to father!"

The young man followed her as she slowly drove her sheep along, and soon found himself within sight of a small house with a garden, which she announced as her father's. She had the drawing in her hand, looking at it with delight. Unable to restrain her feelings, she ran forward and, entering the house, disappeared. Zustana—of course it was he—laughed as he picked up the crook of the impetuous young shepherdess, and, aided by the faithful dog, began driving home the patient animals. In ten minutes Eleanora reappeared, accompanied by her father, her brother and sister, regular Sicilian peasants, without one atom of resemblance to this extraordinary pearl concealed from human eye in the beautiful valley of Arnola. They were all, however, struck by the portrait, and received the artist with rude hospitality.

He took up his residence with them; he sought to please, and he succeeded. After a very few days he became the constant companion of Eleanora. They went out together, he to paint, she to look after her sheep—both to talk. Paolo found her totally uneducated, ignorant of everything, unable to read or write, and narrow-minded, as all such natures must be. But there was a foundation of sweetness and a quickness of intellect which demonstrated that circumstances alone had made her what she was, and Paolo loved her.

He had been a fortnight at Arnola and he had made up his mind. One beautiful morning, soon after they had taken up their usual position, he spoke:

"Eleanora, I love you, with a love that is of my life: I adore, I worship you; you are the artist's ideal of loveliness; your soul only wants culture to be as lovely as your body. Will you be my wife? Will you make my home your home, my country your country, my life your life? I am an artist; I battle for my bread, but I am already gaining riches. Speak! Will you be mine?"

"I will," replied the young girl, who had no conception of hiding her feelings of pride and joy.

"But you do not know me. I am jealous and suspicious; I am proud and sensitive. You are beautiful, you are lovely; others will dispute you with me. I would slay the Pope if he sought you; I would kill the Emperor if he offered you a gift. You are a simple pheasant girl. Those around me might smile at your want of town knowledge; might jeer at you for not having the accomplishments and vices of the town ladies. I would challenge the first who smiled or jeered. You must then, if you can be mine and will make me happy, live apart from men, for me alone. You must know of no existence but mine; you must abandon all society, all converse with your fellow creatures. I must be your world, your whole being."

"I will be what pleases you best," said the young girl, gently.

"The picture does not alarm you?"

"Will you always love me?" she asked, timidly.

"While I live, my art, my idol, my goddess! Eleanora, while I breathe."

"Do with me as you will," replied the young girl.

A month later they were married, her parents being proud indeed of the elevated position to which their daughter attained. They went in the autumn to Rome, where Paolo had prepared for his mysterious existence by means of his faithful and attached nurse. He devoted to Eleanora every moment not directed to his art and at once began her education systematically. He found an apt and earnest scholar, and at the time of which I speak Eleanora was possessed of all the mental advantages to be derived from constant intercourse with a man of genius.

But Paolo Zustana, out of his home was a changed and unhappy man; he lived in constant dread of his treasure being discovered; he saw, with secret impatience, the many defects which still existed in his beloved idol; he felt the restraint of confining her always within a suit of rooms; he longed to give her air and space, but he dreaded her being seen by powerful and unscrupulous men; he dreaded ridicule for her peasant origin and imperfect education. Hence the defects in his character.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, and Zustana, who had been giving some finishing touches to the Psyche, was absorbed in its contemplation. He held the brush in his hand and stood back a little way examining it with attention.

"It is beautiful! The Countess Clorinda was right," he exclaimed.

"Not nearly so beautiful as the original," replied that lady in a low tone.

"Great Heaven!" cried Paolo, turning round pale and fiercely, to start back in silent amazement.

There was Eleanora, blushing, trembling, timid, hanging a little back, and yet leaning on the arm of the Countess who smiled a sweet, sad smile of triumph.

"Be not angry, Signor Zustana," she said; "it is all my fault. You excited my curiosity relative to the original of this picture. You said it existed. I immediately connected your mysterious absences with something which might explain all. Last night I followed you home; I saw this beautiful creature; I understood the motives of her seclusion. This day I went to see her early; I forced my way in. Half by threats, half by coaxing, I extracted the truth from her. Signor Paolo, your conduct is selfish; to save yourself from imaginary evils you condemn this angel to a prison life; you deprive her of air and liberty—the very life of a Sicilian girl; you prevent her from enjoying the manifold blessings which God intended for all; you deprive us of the satisfaction of admiring a face so divine and a mind so exquisite. But, then, you will say she is beautiful enough to excite love; she is simple enough to excite a smile, Signor Paolo, she is good enough to scorn the first word of lawless passion; she is educated enough to learn everything that becomes a lady and befits the wife of a man of genius if you will but let her mix with the world. You are yourself miserable; your life is a torment. I, the friend, the confidante, the sister of this innocent, good girl, declare to you that you must change your mode of existence."

"Countess, you have conquered," cried Zustana, who guessed the truth, and who intuitively felt that her generous heart would find, in devotion to Eleanora, means of withdrawing her attention from her unfortunate passion. "Do with her as you please. When the Countess Clorinda, only child of my generous patron, calls my wife her sister, my wife is hers for life."

The result was natural. Paolo Zustana, ceased to be suspicious and restless. Eleanora was universally admired; and when, ten years later, the artist, after finishing the paintings for the gallery of the Palace Bembo, took up his residence permanently in Venice, his wife had become an accomplished and unaffected lady, capable of holding her position in the elevated circles to which the genius of her husband and the friendship of Clorinda established her right to belong. Clorinda remained true to her frienship all her life, delighted and happy at being the insurer of permanent happiness to two loving hearts, which under the system of suspicion, fear and seclusion, adopted by one of them must ultimately have been utterly wretched.

DON'T FOR HUSBANDS.

Don't think when you've won a wife you've won a slave.

Don't think that board and clothes are a sufficient return for all a wife does for you.

Don't expect your wife to love and honor you if you prove a brute unworthy of love and honor.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, &c., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, etc.

Don't caress your wife in public and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both a hypocrite and a dog.

Don't think the woman you promised to "love, cherish and protect," becomes your servant as her part of the contract.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling for you than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you simply is changed, not her nature.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow bebefore marriage the probabilities are you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her you marry. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children on the score of economy, while you bolt down town to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you could not spend evenings enough with her.

Don't, if your wife has faults, be constantly reminding her of them, while you have never a word of commendation for her virtues. If she did that with you you'd be as mad as a hornet.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance to you, by giving grudgingly. What she needs give cheerfully, as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better; so will you.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts until midnight, wasting time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't expect your wife to have no failings. Not to have is not human; and you thought you were marrying a woman when you married her. She thought she married a *man*, and don't deceive her.

Don't meddle in affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employes.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig who has not got soul enough to appreciate her.

—Manager Howard, of the Boston Theatre Company, at St. John, N. B., absconded with the funds of the company, but was captured and committed to jail in Fredericton.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

What Moses Smith Thinks About Nom De Plumes.

Editor Journal:—"The mountain was in labor; a ridiculous mouse was brought forth." I refer to the long, acrimonious and profitless disputations, by correspondents in the Journal of late, as to whether correspondence should be over the real name of the writer or over some literary pseudonym to conceal his identity. Anonymous private communications are unworthy of notice, but with contributions intended for the public press, it is merely a matter of taste for a writer to parade his full name, his monogram or his *nom de plume* in print. In all cases the responsible editor of a newspaper must know the names of his correspondents as a guarantee of good faith and to protect himself from legal consequences against joking, or maliciously libelous contributors attempting to practice on his credulity.

It is often necessary in chronicling local items, for a writer to conceal his identity, as in exposing the names of a gang of horse thieves or burglars, if known, or in seeking to abate a general, local or private nuisance or something of that kind, such communications are *pro bono publico*, and few writers would care to expose themselves to the deadly enmity of a lawless individual or faction in such a case. But with us mutes, while we are component parts of atoms in the great sea of humanity, we are as a class, or guild, separate and distinct from our hearing and speaking contemporaries, and our paper, the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, as an organ of our class, is separate and distinct from those organs which are the religious, social or political exponents of the hearing and speaking world. Except in our schools, or in the great centres of population—the large cities—we do not—we cannot—congregate together in thickly settled communities where items, pertaining to us, would continually "pop up" to furnish short and fine feed for the "itemizer," hence the editor of our paper must content himself with such items of news, personal to us, as come to his hand, and complete the make-up of his paper with miscellaneous stories, essays and general news.

"Brevity is the soul of wit;" therefore we should seek to emulate the great lights of our literature in the art of condensation, and say what we wish to say briefly, directly and to the point, and having once stated our position with clearness and precision, to there and then drop the matter without further wrangling repetitions. The chief value of an organ of a class or guild, so widely separated as we are, is to keep some trace of the old friends and acquaintances of our school-boy or school-girl days, and to know that they are perhaps becoming famous in some specialty, or are prosperous, contented and happy in the sphere in which they move. For these reasons I hold with Mr. D. W. George that it is more honest and manly for us to sign our rightful patronymics, and let them appear in print under the articles we contribute.

Respectfully and kindly dedicated to "Yz," "Mrlo," "Dixie," and others of that ilk. Moses Smith.

Joncsville, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1878.

MARYLAND INSTITUTION NOTES.

Frederick, Md., Feb. 5, 1878.

Editor Journal:—It is with much pleasure that I take an opportunity of writing you notes of this institution, which I would like published in your valuable paper.

Last October during the Frederick County Agricultural Fair, we were kindly invited to attend it, which we did and had a very nice time. During the week of the fair, some of us were allowed to enter the grounds free of charge, its president being one of the members of the executive committee of this institution.

President Hayes and two members of his cabinet, Secretary McCrary and Attorney-General Devens, were there. They were cordially invited to visit this building. The chapel was densely crowded with visitors, and President Hayes, being introduced to us by our principal, made a very short speech to us, the principal being our interpreter. Some of us intended to amuse him, and also the visitors with some signs, but in vain, for the presidential party was in a hurry to leave here and take the train to Washington, D. C. We had a warm hand-shaking with the President, and wished that he could have time to go throughout this nice building.

On Thanksgiving Day we had a nice holiday all day, and partook of a nice dinner. A delightful sociable was given us that night, and we enjoyed it exceedingly. Previous to our retirement to bed, cakes and apples were served to us.

On the 21st of last December most of the pupils went home to spend their Christmas holidays, and returned on the 3d of last month. We enjoyed ourselves very much at home. During the holidays spent at this institution some of the pupils enjoyed themselves very splendidly, and received nice Christmas presents. They had a nice Christmas tree.

On the 9th ult. Prof. Job Turner came here and the next day gave us a delightful sermon in the chapel. His text was St. Matthew 5:16. He left here in the afternoon of the same day, on his missionary journey to the South. We wanted him to stay here longer, but he said his duties would not permit it, but he promised to come again next spring. We wish him to be appointed preacher for the deaf-mutes in Baltimore city. Baltimore is a very large city and has over one hundred deaf-mutes, yet has no rector for them. We hope that Prof. Turner may be located there.

The weather, for the most part, has been very pleasant, and we sometimes think it is spring now. We have had only one fall of snow last month, and the people enjoyed their sleigh rides but for a short time, the snow melting away soon.

We shall probably have a nice performance on Washington's birthday. I hope that it will prove a successful one, and, should all of us be allowed to live to that day, we will have a nice time.

Measles was prevalent in this institution last month, and ten of the pupils were attacked with it. I am glad to say that most of them are already well.

On the 17th ult., one of the boys, Patrick Cronin, while playing with some small boys fell and fractured his left arm. The attending physician of this institution rendered his services in setting his arm. He is now doing well.

A new boiler house, which was commenced last August in the rear of this building, was finished last October, and is very handsome. This house is very well warmed.

There are fifty-seven boys and thirty-four girls in this institution.

We are looking for the State Legislature to come and investigate this building pretty soon.

The examinations of the classes in this institution which usually take place before Christmas, were postponed, and began on the 28th ult., and finished on the 4th inst.

I highly appreciate your paper as one of the best and most interesting papers for deaf-mutes in the United States.

Yours respectfully,
J. A. Trundle.

BOSTON NOTES.

Editor Journal:—Mr. Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., came to Boston, under the order of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and preached a good sermon before a deaf-mute audience in the chapel of St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church, in the afternoon of Sunday, the 20th ult. He was present at Boylston Hall, where the Boston Deaf-Mute Society held a service in the forenoon.

On the 23d ult., Prof. Atwood, of Newburyport, treated the Boston Deaf-Mute Society with a fine lecture on "Queen Mary." His lecture was well attended.

On Sunday, the 27th ult., Mr. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., came and preached a good and forcible sermon at Boylston Hall, where there was a large audience present. By request, he repeated his sermon in the afternoon.

On the 30th ult., the Boston Deaf-Mute Society omitted the usual Wednesday lecture and gave a social gathering, which was well attended. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell.

On the evening of the 25th ult., a selected company of mute friends went to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, who gave a private complimentary sociable which proved to be a very brilliant affair. The company spent a happy evening in chit chat and various games. Ice-cream and refreshments were partaken of bountifully. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Mrs. James L. Wheeler, of Conn., and Mr. W. H. Kranse.

Let your Washington correspondent, "Student," know through your valuable paper that we took great pleasure in hearing from him again, after several months of silence, and read his article with much interest, in your issue of the 24th ult. We have been wondering whether he was sick or spent his time in running after the fair sex, out of study hours. But we see he was all right as usual, and we shall always be happy to have him favor your readers often with his news regarding the National Deaf-Mute College. Spectator.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 1, 1878.

A Tribute to the Late John R. Burnet.

Editor Journal:—The following was copied from the original of James Nack, Esq., by my oldest daughter, for me, by the request of Mrs. Kate S. Johnson (formerly Miss Kate S. Burnet), while she was there on a visit and as a companion to her. It is worth inserting in your excellent paper, for I calculate it will arouse the interest in the enterprise of raising a monument over the remains of the late John R. Burnet. What Mr. Nack symbolized as the virtues of Mr. Burnet, in the wreath laid on the coffin, by his fond sister, is literally true. It is to be hoped that the said enterprise will be put on foot as soon as possible.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN R. BURNET.

"When the immortal mind escapes
The bondage of its mortal clay,
To mingle with those heavenly shapes
That dwell beyond the starry away,
It is not for our happier friend
That tears of sympathy should flow,
Removed to joys that never end
And glories earth can never know.

The wisdom of this world is vain;
The science vague and incomplete;
The highest knowledge we attain
Is but a phantom of deceit.
But now the mighty truths he sought
Are given to his eager mind.
While through the height and depth of thought
He wanders free and unconfined;

And glides through the unbounded range,
Of countless systems, suns and spheres—
Would he those glorious heights exchange
To tread again this vale of tears?
To wish him back would do him wrong;
Far better seek his path above;
We shall leave this suffering throng
To greet him with our treasured love.

Yet can we not our loss forget,
And as we miss that genial smile
The parting we may well regret,
Though it is but a little while.
Oh! ye who mourn your kinsman kind,
Oh! widow, plunged in sorrow deep,
Oh! daughter of his heart and mind—
Weep on! for ye have cause to weep.

Fond sister! in thy olive wreath
What fitting symbols love may trace!
His virtues in the roses breathe,
The daisies tell his modest grace,
The oak leaves as of old declare
A victor in the cause of right—
But, more than conqueror, he shall wear
A crown of everlasting light."

J. B.

Livingston, Essex Co., N. J., Jan. 23, 1878.

LOWELL NOTES.

Editor Journal:—Thinking perhaps the readers of the Journal would like to hear from the deaf-mutes of Lowell, I take this opportunity to say that on the 11th of Jan. many speaking friends, together with a few deaf-mutes friends of our sister Jackson, gave her a surprise party which was highly enjoyed by all. Miss Jackson was presented with a gold pencil which was very pretty, and which will be very useful to her, as she is obliged to communicate by writing.

On the 12th ult., a meeting of the Lowell Silent Society of Deaf-Mutes was held at the house of Brother Harrington, a good number being present, Brother Packard, of Salem, also being present. Brother Harrington offered prayer, as he almost always does on such occasions. We enjoyed seeing him pray, and we readily understood that he is an Episcopalian by the language of his prayer. His wife was formerly a Congregationalist, but has united with the Episcopalians, thinking it better for both to belong to the same church.

Brother Packard conducted the service on the 13th. His remarks were very interesting, very closely watched and appreciated, and I hope all were profited. On the 26th an adjourned meeting of the Lowell Silent Society of Deaf-Mutes was held at the house of Brother Wright. We expected to meet Brother Rowe there, but he did not arrive until the next day. Brother Soper offered prayer. He has recently joined the church, but is growing in grace and knowledge of the truth.

On the following day, Jan. 27th, our service was conducted by Brother Rowe, and was very interesting and instructive.

Brother Bailey is expected to conduct the service on the 10th of February.

Our Brother Soper's mute friends gave him a small sum of money, as a present, sometime ago. He has just purchased a nice, easy chair with the money, and says he is very comfortable, sitting in it reading the papers and books. It is very pretty. I hope he will live long to enjoy it.

For fear I shall weary your patience with my childish communication, I will close, having written more than I intended to. L. L.

NEWS FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION.

Editor Journal:—The chief topic here now appears to be the fickleness of the weather. At one time the air will be fresh and bracing and we hope it will remain so, but it soon becomes as balmy and soft as spring, and then, to our dismay, is followed by a few days of the bitterest cold. Thus we live the spring, fall and winter days over and over again, going from shawls to ulsters, and the usual morning greeting is "How's your cold?"

During the year 1877 not one death was recorded in this institution, but soon after the advent of the New Year one of the girls, Ida L. Kinzey, died of typhoid fever; and within a week followed the sudden death by heart disease of Catharine Gerhart. Many of the others are suffering from colds, but by kind care and treatment it is hoped they will recover. Otherwise the institution seems to be in a better condition than ever, several changes having been made which prove quite satisfactory to all.

Miss Evans, our former housekeeper, left three weeks ago, and soon after Mr. Hallowell was appointed Superintendent. His wife occupies the position of Housekeeper and now reigns supreme over the store room, laundry, dining-rooms and kitchen—the most important of the domestic department. Previous to Miss Evans' departure the teachers and officers of the institution presented her with an elegantly-bound volume of Whittier's poems, as a testimonial of their regard. The good lady being herself one of Pennsylvania's followers was, I have no doubt, highly delighted with the trophy she bore away with her.

Another change which has afforded great satisfaction to at least the female pupils, is that the girls' teachers now take turns in watching them during evening study hour. Now girls, no more laughing or talking or you will find yourselves occupying the dunce's bench.

For a long time we have been using clothes to clean off our large slates with; but the board, considering it a waste, concluded to put a stop to it, and now every scholar takes pride in using a nice new slate eraser, of Japanese hair.

Our drawing lessons, which were commenced last year, still continue every Monday and Tuesday, under the direction of Miss Elgar, who has taken for her room the one opposite the Cabinet. It is the general opinion that drawing, especially designing, is one of the best occupations for deaf-mutes, and she devotes the drawing hour wholly to designs, and we are soon to make an attempt at coloring them.

Mr. Guger, Principal of the North Carolina Institution, made us a short visit yesterday, and then left *en route* for New York. Two other principals have been here since last fall—Mr. Ijims, of Tennessee, and Mr. Stone, of the Hartford Institution.

Reading of debates reminds me of quite a lively discussion which was carried on the other day. Several of the pupils were strolling around the lawn, when one of our New York cousins began to complain of not yet having seen a single individual who walked as swiftly as the people of New York or any other large city, and made some remarks on the slowness with which we plod along. At this slur upon their city, the Philadelphians at once stood up, declaring that, as this is a free country, every one has a right to walk as he pleases, and this being a city of brotherly love and independence, its citizens do not care to rush pell mell down Chestnut and Market streets, upsetting news boys and match girls, besides being introduced to fifty umbrella ends. This warm dispute lasted for nearly half an hour and I cannot tell which side won; but suppose the Philadelphians must have given walking tickets to the Manhattan Islander, who was not to be seen for some time afterwards. Keystone.

A LETTER FROM GENEVA, N. Y.

Editor Journal:—I was surprised to see in your paper some Chicago gossip which spoke of my old friend Mr. P. N. Raffington, who did a very nice job of engraving the wedding cards for my oldest daughter Louise. I am happy to reccommend him to any of my deaf-mute friends who may wish marriage invitations or cards. His address is No. 6 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. I am glad to say a good word for him as he engraves well and deserves success. I hope the Journal will never fail.

I was much pleased to see Rev. Thos. Gallaudet looking so well. He preached in Trinity Church, to the mutes. I was sorry not to see more of him, as I was not well, and very busy preparing for the wedding. I saw him at the depot on his way west. When at the West I enjoyed myself with Rev. A. W. Mann and family of Cleveland, O.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cuddeback came to the wedding through a driving cold wind, and showed much bravery and courage. N. Denton.

Jan. 24, 1878.

DISTORTION OF THE FEATURES.

A most common, and, I may say, foolish habit, which deaf-mutes have in a more or less degree is that of distorting the features in talking. This habit is a natural result of the sign language, in which they give a personal representation of their thoughts and feelings in very much the same way that an actor does the words of his role. Nowhere else is it so common as in the institutions; for it must be confessed that the teachers themselves sometimes set the example. If looking-glasses were hung around the rooms, by which the pupils could see the expressions of their countenances, there would be fewer faces spoilt. The best sign makers are those who keep the countenance entirely under control, only allowing it to be lighted by a smile, or saddened when the subject is sorrowful. Some deaf-mutes make themselves positively ugly and disgusting to look at by the way in which they move their lips out of shape. There are others, who make signs in a graceful and graphic manner, without calling their powers of expression into play at all. On the street, when a deaf-mute swings his arms up and down in talking, he becomes the laughing stock of everybody whom he meets. As a rule, it is better not to use signs at all in public places; but some one might ask, "How else could we talk with each other?" I would reply: "Use the other method, which every deaf-mute knows, but sadly neglects, viz, the hand alphabet." We might excite a little impertinent curiosity, but we could not fail to win respect and deference. S.

FROM THE "HUB CITY."

The Boston papers of Monday, Jan. 28, contain the following, by which it seems peace and unity are beginning to prevail where formerly there seemed to be nothing but discord. We are pleased to hear of this and hope it will continue:

DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

Professor William H. Weeks of the American asylum at Hartford, Conn., made his fourth visit to the deaf-mute society worshipping in Boylston hall yesterday. An audience of nearly fifty was present, and after they had joined with him in repeating the Doxology, he took for his text Luke 22:61, 62, from which he delivered a very impressive discourse. The Bible class was attended by twenty-three persons, and was conducted by Mrs. William Lynde. Another service was held in the afternoon, at which there was an attendance of nearly thirty. Mr. Weeks took for his text Daniel 5:27—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," and his sermon claimed the undivided attention of the audience to its close. The evening prayer-meeting was also well attended and several spoke very interestingly.

At the close of the afternoon service a gentleman present made a few remarks expressing much pleasure with the services, and hoping those who were present not only understood what had been so clearly explained by Brother Weeks, but that they would also believe it, and show their belief by addressing their fellow mutes and inducing them to lead better lives. At the close of the morning service, a few moments before Mr. Weeks took his departure for the train, Mr. Tillinghast stepped upon the platform and addressed him nearly as follows: "Brother Weeks, the committee desire to thank you for the faithful and earnest manner in which you have to-day labored for the spiritual good of the society. You have set them a good example, and I hope that God will bless what has been said to them to-day." He had full unity with what had been said, and desired to thank Brother Weeks personally for his interest in the society. He had shown them that Christ was his helmsman, that Book, (laying his hand on the Bible) was his companion, his Prayer Book was his heart, and with their use, he hoped he would be safely landed at the gates of the Eternal City. Mr. Weeks in reply expressed much pleasure in witnessing the steady increase in numbers in the society, and hoped they would remain united and prosperous, and that God would bless them.

Samuel Rowe will officiate Feb. 3d, P. W. Packard Feb. 10th, and on the last Sunday in the month, Feb. 24th, there will be held the usual three services, at one of which a report of the society for its first year will be read, which will probably be at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all mutes in the vicinity to attend the services. Should the attendance continue to remain as it has done a larger room will be necessary.

Report has it that E. N. Bowes is at last in luck, having received a legacy of $10,000 from a rich relative. We hope this will be the turning point in his life, and the past be buried in oblivion. Reporter.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 31, 1878.

THE JOURNAL AS A TOPIC.

Editor Journal:—Here is a conversation between two semi-mutes about your precious paper.

"Good morning Maggie,—how glad I am to see you, with your mind so well stored with far-off news. It is striking how well you talk of the deaf-mutes in this city. Who keeps you posted with such a supply of news that enlightens us on everything that is going on in the deaf and dumb world."

"He who sends the news to me is an unknown through the medium of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal. It contains letters from some of my old friends."

"You say it is the Journal which tells you so much news. I have never heard or seen it. Is it interesting? I have heard of the *Silent World*. What has become of it? Please lend me the Journal to read."

"Yes, it is very interesting indeed. It is one of the finest and largest papers published for the welfare of the deaf-mutes in this country, for its language is expressive and good, and written by only the best scholars. Be assured whoever subscribes for it, enjoys and welcomes it as a true friend. It never fails to minister happiness. Ida, I am sorry you requested me to lend you the Journals when I have read them, for they are all, when read by me, exchanged with a lady who takes the New York *Weekly* and *Ledger*. I can't tell what has become of the *Silent World*, but I believe it has gone down to zero."

"What is the price of the Journal a year? What does your hearing friend read the paper for?"

"Why do you read the Louisville *Courier Journal*? The price is $1.50 a year, and oh! how cheap."

"I have no money now and don't like to ask pa for it."

"Write news of the deaf-mutes in this city to the editor of the Journal regularly, and, may be, he will send you a copy free."

"I am so young, and with such a poor education I can't write fluently. But hush about sending me a copy free—it looks so beggarly."

"I am glad to hear of your pride. I presume you could make up a club. None of them here are subscribing for it. I am sure the editor will pay you for it. When you have once subscribed for it, likely you will stick to it, and it is better to read the news yourself than wait for me to tell it. I am sorry the mutes here are not fond of reading. You had better stir them up. Adieu." Emma.

Louisville, Ky.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 4, 1878.

The current of Congressional affairs was slightly disturbed by the little disagreement between Senators Blaine and Hoar. The dispute was ostensibly over the parts played respectively by Maine and Massachusetts in the war of 1812, but the real *casus belle* was the vote of the Massachusetts delegation in the Cincinnati Convention.

It is conceded that the Bland silver bill will pass the Senate by a two thirds vote. That the President will veto the bill is feared by its friends but many say he will sign it with the understanding that the government shall continue to pay the interest on the public debt in gold. The female suffragists are still besieging Congress, as the women of Massachusetts alone pay taxes on $131,000,000 of property. Who can say with justice that they should not have a voice in legislation?

Among the contributors to art in the Capitol, Mrs. Fassett stands in the front rank. She is an American lady who has struggled in the throng and uncertain paths of art, until she has touched the topmost round in the golden ladder of fame. Before the fire this lady and her husband possessed one of the most extensive art studios on the continent, in the great and then wealthy city of Chicago.

Now that the trees are stripped of leaves the new State Department building is beginning to show something of its vast extent and beauty. The work on the building is not progressing in the railroad style of mullet, but as fast as is consistent with discretion, and the amount of the appropriation available for the purpose. The south front is entirely complete, and is imposing in its vast proportion and commanding elevation. When complete this building will throw the Treasury building, near it, entirely in the shade, but not by reason of its greater beauty, but from the fact that a portion of the latter is sunk some feet below the grade of the end and in order to enter the really beautiful northern front, you are obliged first to descend an area, after passing through which you mount another flight of steps before reaching the entrance.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines visited the General Land Office to consult with Commissioner Williamson in relation to a claim, which she presents for upwards of 19,000 arpents of land granted and confirmed to her father, Daniel Clark, in 1801 and 1804, by the Board of Land Commissioners. The grants are in Missouri, within seventy-three miles of St. Louis. The tracts aggregate about 17,000 acres. Mrs. Gaines wishes to ascertain to whom patents for these lands have been issued.

Francis Murphy, the great Temperance Reformer, opened the campaign at Lincoln Hall on the Sabbath, and three thousand persons filled the street who could not gain admittance. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Hon. R. A. Hatcher, M. C., of Mo., presided. A choir of 160 singers made the great hall ring with Gospel Temperance songs. A great work in the interest of temperance is now sweeping over this city.

Howard University, under its new President, W. W. Patton, LL. D., founder of the Chicago *Advance*, has a hopeful future. Since the panic in 1873, the Trustees have paid off $90,000 of indebtedness, and are now arranging for the payment of the last dollar of obligations resting upon the institution. Its buildings, campus and outside improved property and vacant lands will, with the revival of business, become immensely valuable. It has a large class in both the Theological and Medical Department. This is one of the few institutions whose doors are open alike to male and female, white and colored.

A new printing process is the latest invention, by which the reporter can take notes in full copy in type, at the rate of 200 words per minute. A person can learn the process in one week so as to transcribe with accuracy and despatch. A witness can be furnished in ten minutes after leaving the stand with a perfect printed copy of his testimony, a feature readily appreciated by judge, counsel and client. Fax.

An Interesting Letter from Iowa.

Editor Journal:—You will find in this letter postage stamps to pay for two copies of the Journal, one of which please send to my mother, Mrs. Margaret Davis, Fairmont, Marion county, W. Va., the other to my address. My credit should date from last October I believe, as I had only paid up to that time.

Corning, the county seat of Adams county, is nine years old. It is situated on the main line of the C B & Q. RR., 200 miles west of Burlington and 80 miles east of Council Bluffs. We have a population of 1,500; three weekly newspapers, two banks, six churches, some forty stores, and, cannot refrain from adding, no saloons. Corning is a prosperous, live town, and we invite immigration.

A. W. Mann, the missionary, is my brother and I feel a deep interest in the wefare of all deaf-mutes, and hope they will receive the spiritual attention that we all need so much.

I like the Journal, and it seems to me that all ought to join and give it a hearty support. I would suggest in this connection that every one that is now taking it take another copy, and also urge others to subscribe for the paper.

In conclusion I desire to extend a cordial invitation to any and all mutes (and yourself also), that may find it convenient, to call and see me and share the hospitality of my home.

Sincerely I remain yours,
L. M. Mann.

Corning, Adams Co., Ia., Jan. 31, 1878.

They like its Improved Appearance.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 28, 1878.

Editor Journal:—Accept our congratulations, on the improved appearance of last week's issue of your valuable paper. Verily, the Journal hath improved, and, hoping to see it attain a still higher grade of perfection, we wish it success.

Yours, &c.,
J. M. Koehler,
on behalf of the Journal's friends in Washington.

F-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.; REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, 23 Linden St., Cleveland O. } Associate Editors.

REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1878.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A GREAT BANK.

Wildcat speculations of all kinds with one's own money and that of other people, the natural result of an undue haste to get rich, culminate in universal ruin. The last six months have been replete with disclosures of fraud, thief, failure, and swindling, wholesale and retail. Two presidents of bankrupt insurance companies have gone to State prison for five years each, and also an eminent forger. It would seem that the list has no end. One can hardly pick up a daily paper without something criminal in the finances of somebody coming to light.

How pleasant then, to pause in this whirl of consecutive disclosure and notice the remarkable achievement in the otherwise sad announcement of the death of Mr. John Q. Jones, President of the Chemical Bank, New York. The Chemical Bank was incorported in 1833. Mr. Jones was its cashier for five years. In 1844 he became its president, a position he held till the day of his death. The capital of the bank was placed at $300,000—in 3,000 shares of $100 each, and thus it remains to this day. The stockholders were the solid men of business of the time. They deposited their own money in the bank, and assumed its responsiblities. Never has the golden saying, "Make haste slowly," been better illustrated than in the career of this financial institution.

The first by-law was that no dividends should be declared for five years, these far-seeing and staunch men being content to let their money undergo a temporary idleness, so as to enjoy a future sure and steady, if not large return. They never dreamed of speculating with their deposits, lending on small security on the chance of big gains to declare mammoth dividends, and hence lure the unwary to sure monetary disaster. Pursuing a keen but legitimate course of business, Mr. Jones, at the end of the five years, found such a surplus on hand that even he, great financier though he was, was puzzled what to do. He sought the advice of friends, and one stockholder told him the best place for the money was the pockets of the stockholders. A dividend of 100 per cent. was therefore declared on each share of $100; and that dividend has been continued to this day. Fifteen per cent. is declared every two months, and on Christmas an additional ten per cent. The bank pays this enormous per centage with an ease only made clear by the fact that its surplus now amounts to $3,000,000. It is *one* of the soundest, if not *the* soundest financial concern of the world.

In the panic of 1857, it felt nothing of the financial shock, and in 1861, when the Government itself turned for relief to currency, its pledges then and for twelve years afterwards were redeemed in gold. It stopped specie payments only on request of the other banks. Its stock originally worth $100 a share, is not on the market, but a solitary share being offered once, brought $1,600—an increase of sixteen fold. Of course its patronage is immense, but it is of the same solid character as when first begun.

Mr. Jones was a bachelor, an ardent sportsman, when a day of leisure was his, a plain, simple man. He went to his office regularly at 9:30 o'clock every morning, worked assiduously, always doing more than the let er of his duties required, and night invariably found him at home, in such home recreation as his solitary existence allowed. He was one of the few men w ose sturdy life-work will forever stand a brilliant contrast to the petty schemers to the ruin of credit, private, state and national.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

THE *Mirror* has not yet emerged from its heap of Post-office Department woes.

CASSIUS Schofield, of Du Quoin, Ill., is going to leave in a few days for Cannon Falls, Goodhue Co., Minn.

MR. William Brennan and his family have moved from Millington, Mich., to Gaylord, Otsego Co., Mich.

ROBERT D. Livingstone, of Boston, Mass., was registered at the Nicollett House, Minneapolis, Minn., January 31.

PROF. Hubbard, of the Michigan Institution, carried off a prize at the local poultry show recently. His fowls and chicks were much admired.

ELI Fancher, at one time a teacher of the Michigan Institution, is living in Dryden, Lapeer Co., Mich. He and his wife have a nice family of children.

A VERY fine painting of a Highlander, in full national costume, with the bag-pipe under his arm, is on exhibition at Howard & Wilkin's show window. It is the work of Mr. F. M. Tuttle.—*Geneva Courier, Jan. 23, 1878.*

LAURA D. Bridgman, the lady who is known world-wide as having been born blind, deaf and dumb, but who is, nevertheless, well educated, is now staying at the residence of Mr. George H. Newhall, in Irving Street, Malden, Mass.

THOMAS N. Head and wife, of Hooksett, N. H., both deaf-mutes, gave a large deaf-mute party on Wednesday evening of last week. A number of addresses were made in the deaf-mute sign language, and a pleasant, though not *uproarious* time was enjoyed.

CLARA Musgrave paid a visit to her *Alma Mater* at Indianapolis. She intends to accompany her uncle to Europe next spring, but there is a rumor floating in the air that a certain teacher of the Indianapolis Institution will persuade her to give up her trip, and keep his house, home and heart.

SAMUEL Merrill, of Gilmanton, N. H., while recently chopping in the woods, was struck by a tree on his head and probably killed instantly. He was found dead by Ira A. Berry, for whom he was working. The unfortunate man was a deaf-mute, forty years old, and left a wife and two small children, all deaf-mutes.—*Boston Daily Journal, Jan. 28, 1878.*

ONE hundred and fifty invitations to the wedding of Mr. W. R. Gormly, of Rochester, and Miss Louise Denton, of Geneva, N. Y., were sent to Rochester, New York and Washington. One hundred and ten gentleman and ladies from Rochester were present. After the wedding ceremonies the bride and groom left, on a tour to New York and Washington.

A. K. KNAPP makes a specialty of slippers, and offers a choice lot which arrived yesterday. He keeps all kinds of boots and shoes for ladies and gentlemen, also children's slippers and shoes, and beaver boots and shoes. At his place can be found Archibald Allison, the noted deaf-mute boot-maker, of this city, who is always ready to do his best for all customers.—*Concord Paper.*

THE Illinois Institution teachers meet once in a while at the house of one to discuss systems of instruction. At their next meeting they will discuss "Not how much, but how well." That is it precisely. Not how many studies, but how well the few are taught. Not how many pupils, but the quality of the instruction. Sacrifice quantity to quality always. "Ye have been faithful over a few things" is good scripture.

F. M. TUTTLE, our accomplished home artist, has produced an excellent portrait of the late Miss Nora Payne. It was painted from life when the subject was an invalid from a fatal disease. Those who knew her only when in the enjoyment of vigorous health may fail to appreciate the picture as a faithful reflection of the original; but those who saw her as an invalid cannot fail to recognize it as an admirable likeness.—*Geneva Gazette, Jan. 9, 1878.*

PROF. Job Turner recently received information from a clerk in the office of the Adams Express Company at Worcester, Mass., that Aaron Fuller, a graduate of the American Asylum, is still living on a small farm at Deerfield, Mass., and has a deaf-mute wife, but no children. His brother Augustus, a graduate of the same institution, died there about three years ago. He was an old bachelor at the time of his death, and was an artist of considerable skill.

REUBEN Dawley, of the town of Richland, adjoining the town of Mexico, has a little daughter, named Satelle Dawley, who is a deaf-mute, her deafness having been caused, like many others, by scarlet fever. The little girl, aged seven years, who is bright and active, has lately been spending a few days with the editor of the JOURNAL. At present she can be communicated with but very little, she understanding but very little of the sign language, and that of the simplest and most crude kind. Mr. Dawley thinks of sending her away from home to school as soon as possible. He will probably send her to the Central New York Institution.

A VERY pretty story is told by the London *Times* of the arrest of a man for begging. He had a written petition, as he was deaf and dumb, which solicited charity.

The police superintendent believed the man was an impostor, but the judge happened to know the finger alphabet, and with his fingers he asked the prisoner,—

"What have you to say to the bench?"

The prisoner immediately replied on his fingers, "Nothing but that I wish to be released, as I have committed no offence in law."

The judge replied, "Your petition is well written, and as it has not been shown that it is otherwise than a statement of facts, you are discharged."

The prisoner, with a digital emphasis, responded, "You are the first magistrate I ever met who could converse with a dumb man, and it is to this fact I owe my discharge. I shall ever remember you with gratitude."

ONE of the most remarkable instances on record of parental devotion and of success in keeping secret a family affliction may be found in the family of a citizen who is keeping a drinking saloon in the western part of Cincinnati. Twenty-seven years ago he kept a house on Western Row. About that time a number of houses in the vicinity were destroyed by fire in the night, including his residence. His wife, in a delicate condition, suffered much from fright, and subsequently gave birth to a monstrosity—an offspring without any of the better senses of a living creature, except that of sight—without toes or fingers; deaf, speechless, without the least spark of intellect or instinct. Twenty-seven years have passed, and the family have kept this creature in the household, secreted in a room, and only a few of the neighbors, who are on the most intimate relations, have known of its existence. It eats when food is placed to its mouth, and is kept in a cleanly condition by the most constant care. A long beard has grown on its face. It is about three feet in length. It crawls about some, but moves with great difficulty. That such a creature has lived so long is singular. That a family, instead of placing it in some asylum, has endured its presence in their midst, and nurtured it in assiduous privacy through all of these years is a strange and affecting incident of paternal devotion.

THE tenth annual report of the Clark Institution for Deaf-Mutes, Northampton, Mass., is on our table. The whole number of pupils during the school year 1876-7 was sixty-six, and the average number about sixty-four. The expenses of the year, properly chargeable to the school, were $25,239.14—average cost for each pupil nearly $400. Pupils are admitted, if it is so desired, at the age of five years. This institution is financially cared for the same as its deaf-mute pupils in other schools. There are two terms in the year of twenty weeks each; the first commencing on the third Wednesday of September, with a vacation of four weeks in winter; the second commences on the first Wednesday in March, with a summer vacation of eight weeks.

This school, which makes a specialty of teaching to its pupils the beautiful, but somewhat difficult to learn, science of lip-reading and visible speech, has, during the first decade of its existence, proved successful in that art beyond the expectations of its most sanguine friends, and its pupils make as good, if not better, progress in book learning as those taught in institutions where the manual alphabet and sign language are adopted; but it is not claimed by its friends that articulate language and lip-reading are adapted to all deaf-mutes. There are, however, a larger proportion of deaf-mute pupils capable of being taught this style of language than the majority of the advocates of the art would suppose. The pupils of the Clark Institution are, without doubt, making satisfactory progress.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

Sunday, Feb. 10, in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, at 3 P. M., and in Christ Church, Williamsburg, at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday, Feb. 17, in St. Paul's Chapel (rear of the church), Boston, at 3 P. M., and in St. Mary's Church, Mott Haven, at 4 P. M.

Service at St. Ann's Church, New York, every Sunday, at 2:45 P. M.

DEATH OF KATE M. ROBERTS.

Miss Kate M. Roberts died at about 1. P. M. last Monday, after suffering great agony for several weeks. Miss Roberts, or "Kit" as she was usually called, had suffered for some time with a cancer, and last summer it was removed by Dr. Metcalf, of Syracuse. The operation was a somewhat difficult one, but was very skillfully performed. The shock to her nervous system, from several months of suffering and the removal of the cancer was severe, but, being of a naturally very healthy constitution, she soon rallied, and in a few days she was able to walk as far as the nearest neighbors'. To all appearances she was fast regaining at least comfortable health, when she began to experience sharp, severe and constant pain in her side and arm which continued without relief, except by the administration of opiates, to the end of her life. So intense was her suffering that, for a long time previous to her death, it was necessary to administer morphine to her frequently from four to six times in twenty-four hours. Gradually, but surely she continued to grow worse, till it became apparent to her friends that life, with her, at the longest must be short. Kind friends did all in their power to alleviate the intensity of her sufferings, but disease had a hold upon her frame that no earthly power could arrest.

Notwithstanding her terrible suffering she was hopeful and cheerful, and up to near the time of her death entertained thoughts of final recovery. During the last few days of her life she failed rapidly in strength, and she remained in a sinking condition till the time of her death, but her mind was unclouded up to very nearly the last hour of her earthly existence.

Miss Roberts was a member, in good standing, of the M. E. Church in this village. Her funeral services were held at the residence of Mr. J. C. Taylor, at 1:30 P. M., Wednesday, the 6th inst.

A large assemblage of friends and relatives were present to pay the last earthly tribute to the deceased.

The deceased had for many years lived with the family of Mr. Taylor, and was looked upon by the household as one of its own members. During her long residence with Mr. Taylor's people she had become very much endeared to them, and was very much of a favorite with the children. It is scarcely necessary to say that throughout all of her sickness, Mr. Taylor's people have done everything that they could to make her comfortable, and to brighten her last days.

The relatives and companions of the deceased, in their hour of sadness and affliction, have this community's sympathy.

A New Telegraph Line.

We understand a line of telegraph is under consideration between this village and Fulton with a fair prospect of an early completion, as the right of way has been obtained from the State and the necessary papers filed, and that parties from near Palermo will soon commence to deliver poles along the line. Offices are to be put in at Butterfly, Vermillion, Denton's Corners, Palermo and Volney. The affair is in competent hands.

Local Paragraphs.

Weather magnificent and the sleighing very fine.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. H. C. Peck is very sick.

"Uncle" Simon Tuller is very sick with pneumonia.

Miss Lucy Mitchell is very sick with typhoid pneumonia.

Judge Whitney, of Oswego, is spending a few days in town

Frank Penfield has purchased the livery of L. H. Conklin.

Charles Alton is in a corset establishment at Bridgeport, Conn.

E. L. Huntington is preparing to build a new house next summer.

Mrs. Charles Clinton, of Potsdam Junction, N. Y., is stopping in town.

Charley Pruyne is spending a few days with his parents in this village.

We hear that Mrs. Fred Baxter has been quite sick for several days past.

Mrs. D. C. Curtiss, of Oswego, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. T. Croft, of this village.

District Attorney J. J. Lamoree, of Oswego was in town the fore part of this week.

Don't fail to go and hear Rev. Mr. Affleck's lectures on Friday and Saturday evenings.

Miss H. Augusta Avery has gone to Syracuse to spend a few weeks with friends in that city.

Wood and bark drawers have for the past few days been very busy hauling those commodities to market.

We hear that Mrs. Henry Hollister cut her foot quite badly recently, but we are pleased to hear that the wound is nearly healed.

The R. W. & O. R. R. Company are filling their ice house at this station, and several of our citizens are also busy putting in a stock.

Charles Lawton, who has been a student at the Poughkeepsie Business College for the past few months, is now at home in this village.

John Jones, whose foot was badly injured last fall by a thrashing machine, has so far recovered the use of his foot as to be able to walk without crutches or cane.

Rev. W. B. Affleck, the celebrated lecturer, of England, will preach in the M. E. Church, in this village, next Sundag morning and evening, at the usual hours of service.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Burdick and son arrived home last Saturday from a visit to Herkimer, Otsego and Delaware counties, where they have been spending several weeks visiting friends.

We hear that the Rechabites of this village contemplate opening a reading-room for the benefit of the public. It is hoped the undertaking will prove a success, as the need of a reading-room has long been felt in this village.

George Snow, of this village, who is teaching school this winter near Pulaski, is at home having a few days' vacation on account of the prevalence of mumps among his scholars. He expects to re-open his school next week.

A Sand Bank despatch to the Oswego *Palladium*, Feb. 2, says: The employes of Lane, Pierce & Co.'s tannery in this place struck this morning in consequence of a reduction of wages. Over one hundred and twenty-five men are now parading the streets."

Prof. S. M. Coon, a prominent lawyer of Oswego, formerly student and principal of our Academy, has received the appointment of Assistant District Attorney of this county. District Attorney Lamoree has a very capable assistant. His selection was wise.

Dr. J. N. Betts, of Pulaski, gave an interesting lecture on Alcohol in the M. E. Church, in this village, Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, to a large audience. The Mexico Tent of Rechabites, under whose auspices the Dr. delivered the lecture, were present in regalia, as was also quite a number from the Parish Tent. The audience was well pleased with the lecture.

Dr. Earnest Manwarren, of this village, who has been in New York for several months past attending medical lectures, and who has passed a very creditable and satisfactory examination, returned home last week, and has gone into practice in company with his father, Dr. J. U. Manwarren. We wish the young Dr. a large and successful practice—if people must be sick.

Judge Alexander S. Johnson, who was referee of the town bonding suit between this town and the Syracuse Northern Railroad company, tried a few years ago in this village, died Jan. 26, at Nassau, New Providence, whither he went from Utica last December for the benefit of his health. At the time of his death Judge Johnson was a Judge of the United States Circuit Court, he having been appointed in 1875, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Lewis B. Woodruff.

Rev. W. B Affleck, of England, will deliver two of his popular lectures in this village this week: The first will be given in the M. E. Church, at 7:30 Friday evening—Subject, "Lost for want of a word;" the second lecture will be delivered at 7:30, Saturday evening, at the Presbyterian Church—Subject, "Wine, water, women, wit and wisdom." These lectures will be delivered under the auspices of Mexico Tent of Rechabites. The lecturer is well-known as a fine and talented speaker, handles his subject well, and all who attend will be highly delighted.

Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of the late Jeremiah W. Conklin.

At a meeting of the officers and teachers of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held on Monday, January 28, 1878, the principal, Dr. Peet, being in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to remove to a better world our friend and associate, Jeremiah Wood Conklin, who has spent in this institution nearly forty-eight years of his useful life, eight years as a pupil, and forty years as a teacher; and

WHEREAS, it is peculiarly fitting that we should express the sentiments concerning his life and character which his death suggests, therefore

Resolved, That in the deceased, we have all of us recognized a man of remarkable singleness of purpose, peculiar adaption to his work, unswerving faithfulness in the discharge of duty, incessant industry and eminent success as a teacher of the deaf and dumb, manifested in the fact that not only did his pupils make decided progress while under his immediate care, but that the influence of his instruction continued with them throughout their entire course in the institution and through the remainder of their lives.

Resolved, That his life was marked by a kind and sympathizing spirit, a self-denying, genial benevolence, a devoted attachment to his friends and an intense interest in those committed to his charge.

Resolved, That his Christian character was marked by unquestioning faith, thorough conscientiousness, spotless integrity, truthfulness, purity and simplicity, and that he never failed if he thought that, in manner or in word, he had been guilty of injustice to any one, to make ample and unreserved acknowledgment and to ask forgiveness.

Resolved, That we will hold his memory precious in the example it furnishes us of a faithful teacher and a godly man, and that, in no other way can we contribute our share to make up for the great loss experienced by the institution in his departure, than by making our lives conform more closely to his.

Resolved, That while we sincerely mourn the separation from one whom we tenderly loved and shall never forget, we bow in submission to the will of an all-wise Providence, feeling that what is our temporary loss is his everlasting gain.

Resolved, That we will attend his funeral, in a body, to pay the last tribute in our power to all that remains of him to whom life and immortality have been brought to light.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be offered for publication to the *Educator*, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, the *Advance*, and the *American Annals* of the deaf and dumb.

F. D. CLARKE, Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE FANWOOD LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Fanwood Literary Association, held at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, on Monday, Jan. 28, 1878, the following preambles and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from among us, Jeremiah W. Conklin, an esteemed and valued officer of this association ever since its organization,

Resolved, That by his death the association has lost a noble and faithful officer, counsellor and friend.

Resolved, That we hold in grateful remembrance his long and faithful service, his endeavors to entertain and instruct by his addresses before the association, and the deep interest he took in its welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *Educator* and the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

THOMAS F. FOX,
Secretary F. L. A.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Prof. M. M. Gutstadt, teacher of dancing, from Syracuse, will open a Dancing School at Mayo Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 13. Terms: Ladies $5; Gents $6; Children $5, per term of 12 lessons. Hours for children from 4 to 6 P. M. Adults 8 to 11 P. M.

Professor Gutstadt is now giving dancing lessons at Pulaski to a class of thirty-seven pupils, who are delighted with his style of teaching, and are making rapid progress. It is hoped that many who have a taste for dancing, but are lacking in a knowledge of the art, will join the class.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., would respectfully inform the readers of the JOURNAL that he still lives, and is prepared to fill all orders for the History of the First School for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb of America. In view of his successful undertaking, and for liberal patronage in the past, he has been overcome with deep gratitude and concluded to dispose of the remaining balance of his books at the usual price of twenty-five cents per copy, and the proceeds from which sale will be partly devoted to the aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, New York city, for three weeks only (from Feb. 11 to March 2.)

The readers of the JOURNAL will please understand that the above Home is in want of funds, and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is ready and willing to receive contributions for the worthy object.

Derby's History has the following engravings, namely: Gallaudet, Sicard, Clerc, monuments of Gallaudet and Clerc, the American Asylum Building, the single-hand alphabet, and also the double-hand alphabet which has just been added.

All orders accompanying twenty-five cents, the price per copy, will be filled with promptness and dispatch as soon as received.

Mrs. Robert D. Beers, now on a visit with Mr. Derby, has been chosen treasurer, and will forward the proceeds to Dr. Gallaudet at the end of the three weeks' sale. Address, Ira H. Derby, South Weymouth, Mass.

A SUCCESSFUL DEAF-MUTE BANQUET.

JACKSON, MICH., Jan., 1878.

After the service at St. Paul's Church, Jan. 17, the deaf-mute friends of Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mann enjoyed a warm reception which was held at the residence of Marcus H. Kerr, the artist. They were regaled by a very magnificent banquet of costly cake, stewed oysters, cold ham, &c. It seemed an essential element in such a gathering.

They amused themselves by the sign conversation, pleasantly. Some hearing persons joined us at two P. M., and some of them stayed through the entire night.

Mr. Boylan, the sign painter, was awfully scared by the monster "Genus Canis" jumping and stamping his body when he fell to sleep on the lounge.

James Hewitt, a very generous farmer, out in the country, presented Mr. Kerr a nice ham.

Joseph Halifax, the noted gallant, fetched a load of his friends to attend Dr. Gallaudet's service. Thomas Innis has been awfully anxious to go to Texas and establish a tailor shop; but he had been informed that the State was noted as a yellow fever country, and has, of course, plenty of rattlesnakes.

Jay Borden, our tailor, is still talking some of removing to Chicago.

Marcus H. Kerr, the well known artist, has this year done lots of work for Mr. Le Clear. He recently furnished a splendid life-size portrait of United States Senator Morton, in ink and crayon.

Mr. David Bennett has become the husband of Miss Mary Orvis.

John T. White and his wife have been staying in Hillsdale and Allegan counties this winter.

Miss Ella Buchanan, recently from Flint, Mich., is spending a few weeks visiting her brother here.

UNKNOWN.

☞ Stop that terrible cough, and thus avoid a consumptives grave, by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a cough remedy it is unsurpassed. Sold by druggists.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spring $6 80 Red 7 20 White	8 00
Meal, ℔ cwt, (retail)	1 20
Shorts, ℔ ton,	$20 00
Shippings, ℔ ton,	$21 00
Middlings, ℔ ton,	$24 00
Corn,	60 65
Oats,	35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter, (October make)	18 @ 22
Loose Butter, (winter make)	15 @ 18
Cheese,	11 @ 13
Lard,	10
Eggs, ℔ dozen,	12
Beef, ℔ lb,	05 @ 12¼
Beef, ℔ cwt.,	$4 @5½
Mutton, ℔ cwt.	$6 @ 9
Pork, ℔ barrel, retail,	$15
Pork, ℔ cwt.,	$5
Apples, (dried) ℔ lb.,	04
Ham, ℔ lb.,	11¼
Dressed Poultry, ℔ lb.,	8 @ 10
Potatoes, ℔ bush.	35@40
Beef Hides, ℔ lb	5 @ 6

DIED:

ROBERTS—In this village Feb. 4, 1878, Kate M. Roberts, aged 36 years.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The Right Rev. M. Donimee, of Pittsburg, Pa., is dead.

—Taxes were paid in Great Britain upon 1,399,330 dogs last year.

—A new Methodist church in Calcutta has been opened. It seats 2,000.

—Edwin Adams' widow will give his costume to his professional friends.

—Seven horses were burned alive at a fire in Orange, N. J., on the 2d inst.

—The storm of last week carried away several buildings at Rockaway and Far Rockaway, L. I.

—"If there is no hell", asks an American paragrapher, "how can an Englishman spell London?"

—There are rumors of peace negotiations being effected between the Russian and Turkish governments.

—The Norwich Union Fire Insurance Company paid a dividend last year of 83 per cent. and in 1876 of 75 per cent.

—There were 129 failures in New York in the month of January, the largest number in a single month since the panic of 1873.

—A resident of Napierville, Can., lost five children by diptheria in twen twenty-four hours. They were all buried Friday, Feb. 1.

—The Presbyterians in England are endeavoring to raise a quarter of a million sterling to pay off church debts and build new churches.

—By order of the Adjutant General of the State the existence of the Twenty-eighth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., of Brooklyn, terminated January 31.

—Phillip Watson, colored, who murdered his wife last September, at Covington, Ky., was hanged Feb. 1st, in the presence of 5,000 spectators.

—The schooner Ellen Haynes, supposed from Providence, with a cargo of salt, went ashore on Plum Island, Jan. 31st, and sunk with all on board.

—The sleighing in the upper portion of New York was very fine last Friday, and nearly all the fast trotters in the city were being driven on the avenues.

—The Lasell (Mass.) Seminary for Young Women instructs its pupils in dress cutting and fitting. A school teacher in Boston gets $500 a year, a good cutter $1,200.

—Immense beds of copper have been found at Blue Hill, Me., and in the neighboring town of Sedgwick silver veins of much promise have been uncovered, the ore assaying from $100 to $300 a ton.

—The violent snow storm which prevailed throughout a large portion of the Northern and Eastern States last week caused many detentions of trains and interfered materially with the moving of live stock.

—The steamer Neversink was burned at New York on the evening of the 1st inst. She was valued at $50,000, and was insured for $35,000. All that will be saved from the steamer will be about $3,000 worth of machinery.

—The Quakers in England and Wales now number only about 17,000, according to Mr. Barclay, one of their well-known members. A few years ago they were estimated at 100,000. In 1700 there were 60,000 in Great Britain

—Jacob Pickard, a farmer, drove his team to Phœnix, N. Y., left them hitched to the wagon and went into a house. While he was gone the horses ran down on to the Oswego river, broke through the ice and were drowned.

—Governor Robinson has pardoned Alex. Corbitt, sentenced Dec. 9, 1873, from New York county to State prison for twenty years for burglary in the first degree, on condition that he leave the country at once and never return. The sentence was thought to have been excessive.

—Miss Agnes T. Humphrey, who has been a teacher in the public schools of Brooklyn for the past seventeen years, and for the last eleven years a principal, has resigned, purchased a farm where she will in future reside, and thinks of going to Europe for her recreation. She was receiving $3,000 a year, said to be the largest salary paid to any woman in the United States.

STATE OF NEW YORK—SUPREME COURT—COUNTY OF OSWEGO—Phœba Legg ag't George A. Place.

To the above named defendant, George A. Place.

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the Plaintiff's Attorney, within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated this 10th day of Dec. 1877.

N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Cor. West 1st & Bridge Streets, Oswego,
Oswego County, N. Y.

To the above named Defendant, George A. Place.

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. James Noxon, Justice of the Supreme Court, dated the 1st day of February 1878, and filed with the complaint in the office of the Clerk of Oswego County.

6w7 N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

A Journal of Dr. Gallaudet's last Western Trip.

At the close of the sociable at Mexico Rev. Dr. Gallaudet hastened westward stopping at Geneva, N. Y., to hold services on the Sunday following (Jan. 13.) At one of these services he baptized a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. His next service was in Buffalo, on the Monday evening following. Almost immediately after its close he took the train for Detroit, arriving the next day a little after nine o'clock A. M. The writer was looking for him at the station, but he left the train before it made the final stop, and passed along unnoticed by the writer, who would have been glad to have met him early in the day. As it was we did not meet until near sundown. Then we were both pretty well tired out trying to find each other.

The service which followed in the evening was held in the chapel of St. Paul's Church. Among those present were Bishop McCoskry, Rev. Dr. Worthing and several of the clergy of Detroit. General Cooke, an old friend of Dr. Gallaudet, was also present. An interesting incident of the service was the baptism of Mrs. George and her little daughter by the Dr. The next morning found us on the cars speeding toward Ann Arbor. Reaching "the Athens of Michigan," after a ride of little over an hour we went and found the rector of St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. Wyllys Hall. In his company with a little time before dinner, we made a partial visit to the famous University of Michigan, having first called upon President Angell. After dinner the visit was in company with a brother of Mr. Hall, a young student of medicine, who showed us the laboratory, museum and other departments of this great educational establishment.

The service in the evening was largely attended. Professors and students from the University were present, and all evinced a great interest in the explanation of the different methods of instructing the deaf pursued at the different institutions, and in the work of evangelization going on among their graduates. The attendance of mutes was small, owing to the fact that but a few of them have their homes in and near Ann Arbor.

Leaving Ann Arbor and the good rector of St. Andrew's we were in Jackson in little over an hour. After dinner a visit to the Michigan State Prison was proposed by the writer, and quickly seconded by the Dr. on his learning that there was a deaf-mute among the convicts. Permission to see him was readily obtained. George Rose, for that is his name, was brought into the room set apart for all interviews between outsiders and prisoners. A conversation at once sprung up, the Dr. introducing himself in his usual pleasant way. The interview lasted some fifteen minutes. The sign language seemed novel to the keepers. A rule posted on the walls requires all conversation between prisoners and friends to be carried on in an audible tone, but in this case the words of intercourse were silent and unintelligible to the officers. One of us called attention to the rule, which provoked a hearty laugh. Rose has nearly compleled his sentence. He goes out next summer. Before leaving him the Dr. gave him some sound advice which it is hoped he will keep when he steps out into the world again. Leaving the strong walls of the prison, in a meditative mood, we walked down and made a few calls on prominent citizens of Jackson before walking over to the house of Mr. Kerr. There we took tea. The service was at 7:30 P. M., in St. Paul's Church. At its close the mutes all went to Mr. Kerr's, where they gave the Dr. and his traveling companion a reception. There were several hearing persons also present on this occasion.

The next service was at Niles, Mich., over a hundred miles west of Jackson, on the Michigan Central Railway. Dr. McMurdy, the rector of Trinity Church, welcomed us with a cordiality that will always have a good place in our memories. His work in Niles has been much blessed. Not long ago he presented at one time 300, and at another 135 candidates for confirmation. The church was full on the occasion of the special service. Among the mutes present were Messrs. Nash and Rector.

We took the train early the next morning and were speeding along toward Chicago, arriving there about noon. Leaving our baggage at some safe place, we went out and called on a few friends before taking the night train for St. Louis. At 8:30 P. M., we took a sleeping car, and when the writer awoke and looked out of the window, the fact was discovered that St. Louis was not many miles away. We reached this great competitor of Chicago, and metropolis of the Southwest, at 8:30 A. M., Sunday, and went direct to the residence of Bishop Robertson, where we breakfasted. Dr. Gallaudet preached in the morning at the Church of the Holy Communion. In the afternoon at 3, assisted by the writer, he conducted a service exclusively for mutes, and baptized two children of Mr. and Mrs. Meyer.

The service in the evening, at 7:30, was in the interests of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, and was very largely attended by the hearing. Bishop Robertson was present, and at the close of Dr. Gallaudet's oral address rose and spoke briefly, his remarks being interpreted for the mutes. He was greatly interested, he said. He had felt the necessity of making provision for the spiritual instruction of the mutes of St. Louis, who, to his certain knowledge, had been neglected for years. He hoped the church people would remember the special labors of the church on occasions when it was in need of pecuniary support. Among those present was Mrs. Anna Bailey, who has labored for years for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the deaf of St. Louis. Her interest grew out of the fact that her own daughter is a mute. Since her graduation at Fulton some years ago, she has assisted her mother in her labors of love, visiting the sick and needy not only of the mutes, but also of those able to hear and speak. Latterly they have both become greatly interested in the church's present special labors, and have greatly helped to advance the good work. May God's blessing rest upon their labors.

Late in the afternoon of Monday we boarded the train for Jacksonville, Ill., which we reached after a ride of nearly five hours. Dr. Gillett, the popular superintendent of the Illinois Institution, met us at the first station below our objective point, and accompanied us the remainder of the way. We went over to the institution and were his guests during our stay in Jacksonville. The regular chapel exercises of the next morning were conducted by Dr. Gallaudet, after which he visited the classes and industries, in company with Dr. Gillett. The usual progress on the part of the pupils was noticeable. The exercises reflected most plainly the faithful labors of the teachers.

The school rooms are large, airy and well lighted. Flowers and plants adorn many, if not all of them, forming a most cheerful scene. These rooms seemed to be entirely free from chalk dust, and were most certainly well ventilated,—a most important point in their favor. Too commonly are our school-rooms poorly ventilated, poorly lighted, bare and cheerless. Not so those rooms we saw at the Illinois Institution. The school building is new. It is separated from the main and other buildings, and heated by steam. Its exterior is attractive; its interior wears a most pleasing look throughout. The chapel is spacious. Its seats are not the traditional stiff and hard benches, but substantial and pretty cane-bottomed chairs. The new buildings intended for the industrial department have just been erected. They are spacious and have an attractive exterior, in perfect keeping with the other additions of the past few years. Much more remains to be done, such as the putting in of new machinery and appliances for the turning out of good workmen among the pupils. It is enough to say these will be first-class in every respect.

In observing the additions and improvements of the Illinois Institution it is not difficult to trace the planning and erection of an experienced and comprehensive mind. Only can the experience of many years in the management of a school of this kind yield the results apparent to every visitor. It is certainly something to have at the head of our institutions men of large heart and progressive views—men not content with present points of excellence, but ever striving to develop others. These men if allowed full working room will build model institutions, of which it may be safely said the Illinois Institution is one. It is only a short time since crayon drawing and oil painting were introduced and taught in this institution. Many of the pupils have developed an aptitude and taste for these. It was really surprising to witness the progress they had made in so brief a time.

There was no school in the afternoon. At two o'clock the pupils assembled in the chapel, where Dr. Gallaudet addressed them for an hour and a half.

In the evening a service was held in Trinity Church, about a mile from the institution. Many of the older pupils were present. Dr. Gillett interpreted a part of Dr. Gallaudet's address.

Before the sun was up the next morning we were on the cars *en route* to Chicago, which we reached at half-past three o'clock P. M. We were the guests of Rev. Dr. Harris, rector of St. James' Church, where the service in the evening was held. Among the mutes present was Miss Virginia Butler, of Princeton, Ill., a classmate of Mrs. Gallaudet, at the New York Institution.

Not long after the close of the service we were on board the train for Cleveland, where the last of the series of western appointments was to be filled on St. "Paul's Day," Jan. 25, the anniversary of my ordination to the deaconate. An occasion of peculiar interest to us at this service was the christening of our little son by Dr. Gallaudet. The service over, the Dr. bade good bye to his friends and took the train for the East.

A. W. MANN.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It is reported in some of the deaf-mute papers that the new college building has already been completed, and that we have moved in to our new quarters. The report is premature, for the workmen are now engaged in putting the finishing touches to the students' rooms and we don't expect to strike our tents and pitch them in the new building for a week or two yet. Had I the powerful pen of Scott or Washington Irving to describe anything beautiful that I see in nature or art, I would gladly attempt to produce on this paper a picture of the whole structure, its beauty of finish and its style of arrangement; but as it is, I shall give a description of some of its most prominent features, from time to time, when they suggest themselves to my mind.

Prof. Chickering delivered a lecture last Friday on "The Plant." We were glad that we did not lose much of what he said, for the subject was very interesting and full of facts that we never knew before. We came out of the lecture "sadder but wiser men," for we learned to the deep wounding of our pride that our very existence as the lords of creation depends upon the seemingly insignificant plant.

The question for debate at the last meeting of the Literaay Society was, "Was Russia justified in making war upon Turkey?" Contrary to the real results of the war the negative side carried the audience by storm. The intention of the society is to discuss those questions, political and national, that are being discussed in the outside world, and the members will, without doubt, derive a great deal of benefit from it, as they will, in this way, be made acquainted with all the leading topics and events of our times.

On the 26th inst., the seniors were invited to tea with the matron, Miss Pratt, and, after supper, they witnessed a wax tableaux given by the young ladies of the Primary Department, out of compliment, I suppose, to a certain peculiarity of their heads. Soft as wax, you know.

We were favored with a visit from the new principal of the North Carolina Institution, named Mr. Gudger. It is said that he was chosen to fill that position more on account of his business talent than anything else, as the institution had been badly managed and was fast going from bad to worse.

STUDENT.

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance is a part of fireside education, and it is considered an interesting subject. The word perseverance means constancy. We should study a lesson in perseverance. Perseverance keeps homes bright. Patience and perseverance overcome the greatest difficulties. Perseverance, the steady pursuit of a laudable and lawful object, is almost a sure path to eminence. If children are indolent their parents should teach them perseverance. If we do not care to cultivate perseverance, we cannot gain success.

We should persevere in reading the Bible every day, and, if we are persevering and successful in understanding the Bible, we shall acquire a great deal of knowledge from it.

Young men should be persevering students in college. Their professors always advise them not to get discouraged if they cannot master their difficult studies. They should pay close attention to the habit of perseverance which will be of much use to them when they graduate.

I will give you an anecdote of Robert Bonce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy. It may aid in illustrating to you the nature and value of perseverance. Robert Bonce went out on an expedition to inspect the enemy, and had a chance to sleep in a barn at night, where he reclined his head on a pillow of straw, and in the morning he noticed a spider climbing up one of the rafters of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second attempt to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who, with regret, saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third fruitless attempt. The monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth trial was crowned with success. It reached the summit of the barn, and when the king rose from his couch, he exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country!"

William—, who was a Maine boy, applied himself to the studies of Greek and Latin, which he mastered by perseverance and success. He felt an interest in his studies, because he was an intelligent and splendid scholar, and obtained an excellent education. He entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., two years in advance, and afterward became a celebrated professor and a preacher of the gospel.

James Wallace, a poor boy, who lived in the State of Massachusets, had perseverance and had success during his life, because he applied himself to close study. He never attended school, but was "self-educated." Let us follow his example.

The late Abraham Lincoln was very remarkable for his industrious habits, and had perseverance during his presidency. He was greatly fatigued with his cares, but was very patient and persevering.

DANIEL W. CARY.

Worcester, Mass., Jan., 1878.

CURIOSITIES OF CURRENCY.

From an article in the monthly gossip of Lippencott's Magazine for January, entitled "Varieties of Currency," we condense the following interesting facts: Almost every nation and tribe as well as every epoch, has its peculiar currency. Not only gold, silver, copper, brass, iron, lead and paper, but glass, shells, beads, bark, stones, soap, bits of various colored cloth and numerous other articles, have been used to represent money.

The Burmese, Karens and Shans have no coin money, lead and silver in bullion being the ordinary tender in trade, weight and purity being the standard of value.

In Siam small shells are used for all sums less than a *fuang*, a silver coin worth seven and a half cents.

Salt was for a long time the ordinary money of the Abyssinians, and fish is still the legal tender of Iceland.

In the interior province of Northern China slips of the bark of the mulberry tree, bearing the imperial "chop" and a stamp to denote their worth, have long been used as we use bank notes, the legal value being just what appears on the face. Marco Polo found these in his time, and they have still an extensive local circulation.

The Carthagenians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail in the center were issued in France, by King John the Good, in 1360.

In some villages in Scotland laborers formerly carried in their pockets nails instead of coins to pay for the day's supply of bread and ale, just as the native of Australia divests himself with a string of beads for the purchase of some coveted luxury. A Scotch missionary to a little group of islands in the South Pacific found bits of red flannel the only money in circulation.

The body of a shipwrecked sailor had drifted ashore, and to these untutored savages, who had never before seen clothing of any description his red flannel shirt was an object of wonder and admiration. By common consent they cut the garment into shreds, which thenceforth became the "currency" of the island. (Perhaps it was there that originated the familiar expression of impecuniosity, haven't got a "red.")

Heroditus records that the Lydians were the first people known to have introduced gold and silver coins, both being in circulation as early as nine hundred years before the Christian era. Gold was first coined by the Romans in the year B. C, 286, and silver B. C. 281.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

—M. Formont, of Paris, who conducted the private affairs of the Rothschilds family for many years, is dead.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The city of Philadelphia has just 100 Methodist churches.

—Ex-Governor Bedle, of New Jersey, has resumed his law practice.

—The total losses of Russian soldiers in Europe up to January 5th were 80,435 men.

—One hundred and fifty Indians were seen going north, on the 23d ult., near Bare Buttes, Dak.

—About one twelfth of the inhabitants of Richmond county, N. Y., are supported by public charities.

—F. B. James, of Cincinnati, O., a well-known manufacturer of boilers and copper, committed suicide on the 18th ult.

—The proprietors of the European Museum, at 37 Bowery, New York, gave a free entertainment to a thousand newsboys on the 18th inst.

—An appalling famine is raging in four provinces of North China. Nine millions of people are destitute and children are sold daily for food.

—The House Committee on Finance of the Massachusetts Legislature has reported a bill making the entire debt of the State payable in gold.

—William and George Drumm, brothers, of Port Jervis, N. Y., while attempting to cross the Delaware river on the ice, broke through and were drowned.

—Every Saturday night the President's family and a few friends meet in one of the White House rooms to sing old Methodist hymns, according to home custom.

—The great cigar-makers' strike in New York is waning, and many of the strikers have left their organizations and resumed work at the manufacturers' old price.

—Thirteen of the eighteen banks composing the Chicago Clearing-House signed and forwarded to the Illinois Congressman a protest against the Bland Silver bill.

—Officer Kunkel, a policeman of Cincinnati, was shot and almost instantly killed by one of a gang of four burglars, which, with the aid of a private watchman and citizen, he attempted to arrest. The murderers escaped.

—Mr. Corcoran, the Washington millionaire, and his daughter called at a penny lunch-house, one day not long ago, and with iron spoons partook of yellow bowls of soup, to encourage people with less money but more pride.

—Two Polish boys, named George Koschiski and John Winters, living near Columbusville, L. I., while skating, on the 18th ult., broke through the ice and were drowned. Their bodies were recovered.

—There is a Pennsylvanian, 76 years old, who, by three wives, has had 30 children, 27 of whom are now living. His name is Nicholas Strohl. His first wife presented him with 8 children, his second 11 and the third 11.

—The Mercer county, N. J., grand jury have indicted Walter F. Bartlett, the defaulting receiver of taxes of Trenton, for embezzlement. Bartlett's bondsmen have surrendered him, and he is in the county jail awaiting trial.

—The trotting horse General Tweed recently broke his leg by an accident on the Boulevard, New York, and was killed by order of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The General had a record of 2.29 and was valued at $5,000.

—John Green, a news agent, on the 23d ult., was blown by a violent gust of wind from the platform of a car, on the New Haven RR. He was carried over a stone wall, 18 feet distant and 20 feet below the railroad track, falling among rocks and bushes and escaped without any broken bones.

—A fire broke out in Honolulu on the night of the 18th of December during a three days' storm consuming over $250,000 worth of property. The wharves and government warehouses were totally destroyed, and the Custom House was with difficulty saved. The King and Ministers were early on the ground, His Majesty calling out his household troops and himself working at the brakes of the hand engines to encourage the rest. The want of a steam fire engine was severely felt.

—The Ontario mill, in Oswego, N. Y., owned by M. J. Cummings, burned down on the night of the 22d ult. At the time of the fire the mill contained 20,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 barrels of flour and 10 tons of shorts. None of the wheat or shorts were saved, and but 1,000 barrels of flour, and that in a damaged condition. Loss $55,000; insurance $42,000. The Ontario mill was built in 1834 and has passed through many hands. About a year ago Mr. Cummings spent several thousand dollars in adding to and improving the mill and machinery, and the mill was among the best fitted in the city.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Feb. 10th.

The Psalter for the 10th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LXI.
2d Lesson—Matthew V.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LXII.
2d Lesson—Galatians II.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Sunday, Feb. 17th.

The Psalter for the 17th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Jeremiah V.
2d Lesson—Matthew VII.
33d.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Jeremiah XXII.
2d Lesson—Ephesians I.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Septuagesima Sunday.

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We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or others so desiring, calling cards of any size or quality, having on the reverse side the Manual Alphabet, which many people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.

25 Cards, with name,	25 cents.
50 " " "	50 "
100 " " "	$1.00

STATE OF NEW YORK—SUPREME COURT—OSWEGO COUNTY.—Wakman J. Gorham, Plaintiff, ag'st Ollive Gorham, Defendant.

To the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the Plaintiff's Attorneys within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated 8th day of December, 1877.

SMITH & BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorneys, Mexico, N. Y.

To Ollive Gorham, defendant.

The foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. Newton W. Nutting, Oswego County Judge, dated the 21st day of January, 1878, and filed in the office of the clerk of Oswego County, at Oswego City, N. Y.

SMITH & BROWN, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 5w7 Mexico, N. Y.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Mortgagor, Margaret France, of the town of Scriba, Oswego county, N. Y., Mortgagee, Elisha M. Fort, of the City of Oswego, N. Y. Mortgage dated 29th day of October, 1874. Mortgage recorded in the Oswego county clerk's office, December 5, 1874, in book of mortgages 103, page 272. Amount originally secured by said mortgage $175, and interest.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of the first publication hereof is $176.14. The said mortgage has been duly assigned to and now is owned by Benjamin C. Turner, of Scriba, Oswego county, N. Y., and said assignment is recorded in the Oswego county clerk's office, in liber 103, page 272. The lands and premises described in said mortgage are as follows, to wit:

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the town of Scriba, county of Oswego, State of New York, being part of lot No. 92, in the 18th township of Scriba's patent and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the center of the highway, leading north from Scriba corners, at the north-east corner of the union store lot, and running thence westerly on the line of Harvey Burt's land, and lands formerly owned by William Stone, to the north-west corner of a Blacksmith shop formerly owned by said William Stone, thence northerly parallel with said highway sixty (60) feet, thence easterly parallel with said Burt's line to the center of said highway, thence southerly along the center of said highway to the place of beginning, the said lot being the same width front and rear, viz, 60 feet. The said premises being the same conveyed by Russell Turner and wife to Matilda Porter, by deed bearing date, September 29, 1864.

That there is a power of sale contained in said mortgage, which is recorded therewith, now therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, default having been made in the payment of the amount of money secured by said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed, and the said mortgaged premises will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, at the law office of N. W. Nutting, in Oswego City, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 29th day of April, 1878, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated January 23, 1878.

BENJAMIN C. TURNER, Assignee and owner of mortgage.

N. W. NUTTING, Att'y, Oswego, N. Y.

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By reason of its Alterative properties, cures Diseases of the blood and Skin, as Scrofula, or King's Evil; Tumors; Ulcers or Old Sores; Blotches; Pimples; and Eruptions. By virtue of its Pectoral properties, it cures Bronchial, Throat and Lung Affections; Incipient Consumption; Lingering Coughs; and Chronic Laryngitis. Its Cholagogue properties render it an unequaled remedy for Biliousness; Torpid Liver, or "Liver Complaint;" and its Tonic properties make it equally efficacious in curing Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Dyspepsia.

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P. P. P. P.

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